THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 28, 1800.

Account of a curious Piece of Mechaniſm found at Seringapatam, made by Order of Tippoo Saib, and repreſenting a Royal Tyger.

THE following may be deemed a ſufficient proof (if any yet were wanting) of the deep hate and extreme loathing of Tippoo Saib towards the Engliſh nation:

A moſt curious piece of mechaniſm, as large as life, repreſenting a royal tyger in the act of devouring a proſtrate European officer, was found in a room of the palace at Seringapatam appropriated for the reception of muſical inſtruments, and hence called the Ragmehal.

There are ſome barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tyger, and a row of keys of natural notes. The ſounds produced by the organ are intended to reſemble the cries of a perſon in diſtreſs, intermixed with the horrid roar of the tyger. The machinery is ſo contrived that while the organ is playing, the hand of the European is often lifted up to expreſs the agony of his helpleſs and deplorable condition.

The whole of this machine, which is of wood, was executed from a deſign of, and under the immediate orders of, Tippoo Sultaun, whoſe cuſtom in the afternoon it was to amuſe himſelf with a ſight of this miſerable emblematical triumph of the Khododad over the Engliſh Circar. The Khododad ſignifies *the God-given Circar*. The royal tyger, the immediate emblem of the Myſore government, and the armorial bearing of his family: A more appropriate

one cannot be found in all the archives of the Herald's Office.

This machine has been ſent from Madras to the Chairman of the Eaſt India Company, in one of the homeward ſhips, in order that it may be preſented to his Majeſty, who, no doubt, will give this characteriſtic emblem of the ferocious animoſity of the modern Rajazet againſt the Britiſh nation a diſtinguiſhed place among the other curioſities in the Tower of London!

THE SYLPH;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 305.)

AMBIGUITY.

THE watchful Auri began to be ſeriouſly alarmed at the rapid progreſs of Edwin's addreſſes. To the ſylph the real ſituation and character of him and the Hartfords ſtood confeſſed; and he even debated whether he ſhould not incline her mind to reward the perſevering attachment of Everard, in order at once to avoid the precipice on whoſe brink ſhe ſtood. To become the wife of Everard would have little ſuited Sophia Merton; but to be attached to Edwin might involve her in abſolute miſery. Great was the conſternation of her purple winged guardian, who at length reſolved to depend on the underſtanding and prudence of his charge, and to exert all his vigilance to preſerve her from the dangers of a perplexing entanglement, without giving her to Everard; and he ſedulouſly ſtrengthened in her mind every ſentiment of prudence, and that honeſt pride which demands candour in return for candour, and refuſes to be the dupe of ambiguous behaviour.

Mr. Hartford had diſtinguiſhed Sophia as a reigning belle by a frivolous kind of gallantry, which he ſtill continued without any alteration after Edwin became her declared lover. His wife treated her with a civil coldneſs of manners, and evidently laboured under much embarraſſment from the moment her ſon's attachment became known. In the converſations which Edwin held with Miſs Merton there appeared a great want of candour on the ſubject of fortune; he became more and more in love, but leſs and leſs explicit on pecuniary affairs: He was often loſt in thought, and there

was

was an air of abſence very apparent in his behaviour which the power of love could not entirely account for. The underſtanding and taſte of my ward, heightened too by the vigilance of the faithful Auri, began to diſcover in her admirer many a fault in manners and addreſs, and many a neglect in perſonal appearance, which augured very badly in her future huſband, and was unaccountable in a young man of the ſituation and connections he was ſuppoſed to be. Yet as he originally appeared to Sophia in a prepoſſeſſing point of view, and as ſhe had encouraged his pretenſions, he was allowed to talk ſeriouſly of her becoming his wife; and having obtained permiſſion of her friends to write to her, concluded his viſit at his father-in-law's, and ſet off for the uſual place of his reſidence, a much frequented and polite city in the north.

A ſhort time after Edwin's departure from Mellford, Mr. Hartford waited on the lady who had the care of Miſs Merton, to expreſs in form his own and Mrs. Hartford's approbation of their ſon's attachment: But he was nearly as reſerved on the ſubject of fortune as Edwin himſelf; he expreſſed his entire approbation of his ſon's marrying Sophia Merton, but was ſilent as to the ways and means by which they were to be ſupported. Before he took his leave he ſaid ſomething concerning the property to which Edwin was heir, and which proved to have been greatly magnified by report; he then hinted that Sophia had doubtleſs been brought up with frugality, talked of the young people living in a very narrow ſtile to prevent viſitors, &c. &c. and, making his bow, departed.

The lady thought Mr. Hartford's converſation very ſtrange, and by no means conſonant to the ideas with which the friends of Sophia had permitted Edwin's addreſſes. A ſtrong panegyric on a narrow frugality came alſo with a very ill grace from a man of his habits of life; ſhe related the whole converſation to my fair ward, whoſe ſurprize was equal to her own. "It is moſt true" ſaid Sophia, "that a cloſe and narrow mode of living is indiſpenſable in narrow circumſtances, in order to prevent ruin; but it is by no means neceſſary that I ſhould bring myſelf into a ſituation which may render ſuch a mode of living requiſite, and give up my hopes and expectations, and the hopes and expectations of my friends, for a life of penury."

Under the impreſſion of theſe ideas my ward, in her correſpondence with Edwin, endeavoured to gain from him an explanation on the very important point of the means by which

ſhe was to be ſupported; but her admirer's letters, although they breathed the language of love, were by no means ſatisfactory on the ſubject of money. There was even an appearance of ſtiffneſs and ſtudy in his letters, which were too accurate and too exact, and very unlike his language in converſation: all this did not eſcape the penetration of my charge, and gave her conſiderable vexation. Her vexation however by no means prevented her enjoying all the amuſements of the circle ſhe frequented, where ſhe ſhared the general homage of the men, with the varying lovelineſs of Charlotte Preſcott, the graces of the autumnal roſe, Miſs Carryl, and the other fair ſtars of their little galaxy.

In theſe parties ſhe continually met the gay adviſer of a life of narrow frugality, Mr. Hartford, and his lady; he continued to treat her with exactly his uſual frivolous gallantry; and Mrs. Hartford with a reſerve and embarraſſment colder than ever; and although their approbation had been moſt unequivocally given, they never attempted to form a friendſhip with Miſs Merton, or invited her to their houſe in a family way; but ſhe merely received an invitation to Mrs. Hartford's card parties in common with the other ladies of her acquaintance. In truth both Edwin and his parents began to find much difficulty in this affair; the young man had a threefold view in addreſſing Sophia; he was certainly captivated with her perſonal attractions, (of her mind he was not a judge,) and it was alſo a ready way to make his mother declare what ſhe would or would not do for him: added to which, there was a chance of Sophia's marrying him at any rate, and her pretty little fortune was an object to a young man in his precarious ſituation. The liking he at firſt entertained for Miſs Merton was now become a ſtrong paſſion, but the want of candour with which he had acted, and the evident miſtake under which ſhe had received his declaration, he muſt be ſenſible told very much againſt him: He perceived alſo that ſhe had no ſilly romantic notions in her mind, and would not be very eaſily perſuaded to ſo hazardous a ſtep as a marriage with him, when the circumſtances in which he ſtood became fully known to her and her friends. As to the Hartfords, they beheld the affair from the very beginning with vexation; it drew their former hiſtory into notice; they could not object to Miſs Merton; and, not objecting, were obliged to declare the circumſtances of Edwin, which developed their own. It is but juſtice to human nature to ſay, that, although they evinced duplicity in not declaring to the guardians of Sophia, in a gentle and private

way,

way, the real ſituation of their ſon, yet, they never endeavoured by an inſinuating familiar intercourſe to enſnare her towards the marriage. Few minds are ſo bad as to love evil for its own ſake; and the property of Sophia was no great object to ſecure in their family: It is true, they would have been glad to have thrown Edwin entirely on the fortune of a wife, be it ſmall or large; yet, for ſome reaſon or other, did not attempt by any artifices to bring forward this affair. A writer of fiction would probably draw the Hartfords as aſſiſting their ſon in his purſuit; but Auri is painting real life and characters as they are in exiſtence, not as they are formed in the brain of the noveliſt. Thus Edwin endeavouring in vain to induce his mother to render his ſituation ſuch as he could avow to Sophia; unwilling to relinquiſh, and yet almoſt deſpairing to gain her, and with his conſcience telling him he was acting an unjuſtifiable part, found himſelf involved in a labyrinth of perplexities. The Hartfords were greatly embarraſſed and diſpleaſed by the enquiries into their characters and ſituation which their ſon's addreſſing Miſs Merton occaſioned; and Sophia herſelf, vexed to find her lover avoid all explanations on pecuniary ſubjects, knew not what to decide. Yet, as the ſylph has before obſerved, her vexation did not prevent her appearance in gay parties; and, in reality, the attention ſhe met with in thoſe parties formed an excellent barrier againſt any thoughts of a fooliſh entanglement.

While Sophia thus ſhone in the firſt ſet of ſociety in Mellford, the ſecond ſet loſt its brighteſt ornament by the marriage of the pretty brunette, Eliza Bromley, whoſe unpleaſant ſituation Auri formerly deſcribed to his fair readers, and of whom he will now give them ſome further anecdotes, leaving for a time Miſs Merton, Edwin, and the Hartfords, to conſider of their mutual perplexities.

PRUDENCE AND PATIENCE REWARDED.

The ſylph has related in the beginning of this hiſtory that Mr. Danvers, the lover of Eliza, was obliged both by the ties of gratitude and intereſt, to conſult the opinion of a female relation previous to his marriage. Auri has alſo obſerved, that this lady, from a variety of circumſtances, entirely diſapproved of his choice; and to theſe objections ſeveral very malicious reports had not a little contributed. Mr. Danvers had very prudently reſolved to try what time would effect towards the removal of his relation's diſlike; and his very proper conduct was crowned with ſucceſs, when the

the world leaſt expected it. The enemies of Eliza, who had aſſiſted the prejudices of the old lady by their malicious inſinuations, had even gone ſo far as to perſuade her, that Miſs Bromley's perſon was in ſome degree deformed, and that her mind bordered on inſanity. Nothing but the great ſingularity of this lady's diſpoſition, and her diſtance from Mellford, could have induced even envy itſelf to hazard ſuch abſurd fabrications. Accidental circumſtances, and the teſtimony of more unprejudiced perſons, at length ſhook her belief in theſe tales. She was alſo much gratified by the deference Danvers paid to her opinion by delaying his nuptials; and being convinced that ſome of her objections were founded on falſe ideas, her temper took an oppoſite extreme, (as is very common with underſtandings of that prejudiced caſt,) and forgetting Eliza's want of fortune, with many unpleaſant circumſtances ſhe had before objected to, ſhe deſired Mr. Danvers to repair to Mellford, marry Miſs Bromley, and bring his bride directly to her houſe. Danvers was probably as much aſtoniſhed as the world at this unexpected permiſſion, but obeyed the old lady's commands with all due expedition, and ſhe received with fondneſs the very woman againſt whom, a few months before, ſhe would have ſhut her door. She preſented Eliza with ſome valuable trinkets which had been the ornaments of her days of gaiety, and introduced her to all the family acquaintance and connections as the wife of her heir; ſpeaking of her when abſent, as "My dear Eliza," and "My pretty relation, Mrs. Danvers."

From the above little anecdotes I hope my fair pupils will draw ſome uſeful inferences. Very ſeldom are marriages juſtifiable which are formed againſt the conſent of parents, or even of friends who ſtand in the place of deceaſed parents. If their objections are founded on prejudice and falſe ideas, theſe will give way before the force of duty and time, as in the above inſtance. If, as is more frequently the caſe, the children are blinded, not the parents, then delay and conſideration will convince them of the impropriety of their intended choice. For Auri holds it to be an incontrovertible truth, that every young man ſhould conſult his parents before he declares his paſſion to the object of his choice; and that every young woman ſhould make an expreſs reference to her's before ſhe accepts an offer of marriage, except in thoſe unhappy circumſtances where the parents are notorious bad characters, inſane, or otherwiſe incapable of deciſion. In the above inſtance of Mr. Danvers and Miſs Bromley, the former certainly acted wrong in not conſulting a relation

whoſe approbation he judged neceſſary, before his declaration to Eliza. But let it be remembered, that relation was of a temper eminently eccentric, and moreover was not his parent, and that he judged it abſolutely indiſpenſible to wait for her conſent.

There is ſurely ſomething dreadful in the ingratitude of a child's contracting a marriage contrary to the commands of an affectionate and anxious parent: To force upon them as a ſon or daughter, and to make a perſon your boſom friend, and the partner of your life, to whom they have an inſuperable diſlike—pauſe a thouſand times, my fair pupils, before you conſent to ſuch a connection. That great maſter of all the feelings of the human heart, Shakeſpear, ſays

" A father, is at the nuptials of his ſon a gueſt
" That beſt becomes the table."

How muſt the reflections on filial diſobedience add ſtings to all thoſe cares with which a wedded life abounds! The power of ſaying who you ſhall wed no parent ſhould arrogate, the affirmative is not their's; but to ſay who you ſhall not marry is certainly their prerogative, by all the religions, manners, and habits of life, of all the civilized nations of the globe, both ancient and modern.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Sketch of General George Waſhington.

By J. Morse, D.D.

Miniſter at Charleſtown, near Boſton, and Author of the American Geography.

(Continued from Page 313.)

THE Britiſh Ambaſſador at the court of Verſailles was directed to remonſtrate to the French government againſt the breach of the articles of capitulation above mentioned; and this may be conſidered as the period when the French court began to unmaſk, and to diſcover that the conduct of its governors and officers in America was in conformity to their orders. After this, warlike preparations on the frontiers were made by the French with redoubled activity, and were continued through the winter of 1754, and the ſpring of 1755.

During

During this period the government of Virginia raiſed an additional number of troops, who built Fort Cumberland and Fort Loudon, and formed a camp at Wills Creek, a ſituation convenient for the annoyance of the enemy on the Ohio. In all theſe ſervices, and particularly in the erection of the forts, Colonel Waſhington was actively and principally employed.

At this time, May, 1755, General Braddock arrived at Alexandria, from England, with two veteran regiments from Ireland, to which were to be joined the independent and provincial corps of America, and at the head of this army he was to repel the invaders of the colonial frontiers. Upon a royal arrangement of rank, by which "no officer who did not immediately derive his commiſſion from the King, could command one who did," Colonel Waſhington reſigned his commiſſion, and as a volunteer and extra Aid-de-camp joined General Braddock. The army marched directly to Fort du Queſne, by the rout of Wills Creek. No perſon was ſo well acquainted with this route as Colonel Waſhington, and no other officer in the colony, at this time, ſuſtained ſo high and well eſtabliſhed a military reputation; and had his counſel been ſufficiently regarded, there is reaſon to believe the misfortunes which followed would have been prevented. In his route, General Braddock unexpectedly, and of conſequence, unpreparedly, met a large body of the enemy. Without detailing minutely the particulars of the hard fought and bloody battle which enſued, and which terminated in the total defeat of Braddock's army, which conſiſted of 2000 regular Britiſh forces, and nearly 800 provincials, I ſhall only ſay, in the words of the reſpectable and correct writer [John Bell, Eſq.] to whom I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this ſketch, that "it is allowed on all ſides, that the haughty behaviour of General Braddock, his high contempt of the provincial officers and ſoldiers, and his diſdainful obſtinacy in rejecting their advice, were the cauſes of this fatal diſaſter. With what reſolution and ſteadineſs the provincials, and their gallant commander (Colonel Waſhington) behaved on this trying occaſion, and in covering the confuſed retreat of the army, let every Britiſh officer and ſoldier confeſs who were reſcued from ſlaughter on that calamitous day by their valour and conduct."

To this information it is proper to add, that Colonel Waſhington was the only officer, whoſe duty obliged him to be on horſeback during the battle, who was not either killed or wounded. Providence ſeemed to reſerve him to ſave

from utter deſtruction the wreck of a defeated army. Having ſecured their paſſage over the ford of the Monongahela, and finding the enemy did not purſue their victory, Colonel Waſhington haſtened to concert meaſures for their further ſecurity with Colonel Dunbar, who had remained ſome diſtance in the rear, with the ſecond diviſion of the army and the heavy baggage. To effect this he travelled with two guides, all night, through a dreary wilderneſs, notwithſtanding the fatigues of the preceding day, and the enfeebled ſtate of his health, having but imperfectly recovered from ſickneſs. So exhauſted was he in the morning, that he was obliged to be ſupported with cuſhions on his horſe. The public accounts of this affair, both in England and America, were not parſimonious of applauſe for the eſſential ſervice he had rendered his country on ſo trying an occaſion.

Not long after this time, the regulation of rank, which had been ſo injurious to the colonial officers, was changed to their ſatisfaction, in conſequence of the diſcontents of the officers, and the remonſtrance of Colonel Waſhington; and the government of Virginia, impreſſed with a due ſenſe of his merits, gave him, in a new and extenſive commiſſion, the command of all the troops raiſed, and to be raiſed in that colony. This commiſſion he held, with ſignal credit to himſelf and advantage to his country, till 1759, when tranquillity being reſtored on the frontiers of the middle colonies, and his conſtitution having become extremely enfeebled and endangered by an inveterate pulmonary complaint, he reſigned his military appointment. Impartial hiſtorians will do juſtice to his character, in detailing the judicious plans he ſuggeſted, and the ſyſtem he purſued for defending the frontiers, and his perſonal hazards, bravery, and atchievements previouſly to the period of his reſignation. Nor are authentic documents wanting to ſhew the tender regret which the Virginia line expreſſed at parting with their commander, and the affectionate regard which he entertained for them.

From this period, till the year 1775, he cultivated the arts of peace. Soon after he reſigned his commiſſion in 1759, his health having been gradually re-eſtabliſhed, he married the preſent Mrs. Waſhington, then Mrs. Martha Cuſtis*, an amiable and beautiful young widow, " with whom he had a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds ſterling in her own right, beſides her dower in one of the principal eſtates in Vir-

 ginia,"

* General and Mrs. Waſhington were both born in the ſame year.

ginia," and ſettled as a planter and farmer, at his favourite, delightful ſeat, the far-famed Mount Vernon.

General Waſhington was the largeſt landholder, probably, in the United States. Beſides the large eſtates which came into his poſſeſſion by his marriage, and by the death of Mrs. Waſhington's only daughter (amounting in the whole to thirty thouſand pounds ſterling), he owned large tracts of excellent land in different parts of the ſtate, which, in early life, while he was ſurveyor, he had taken up for himſelf, or purchaſed of officers who had lands allotted them for their ſervices. He alſo made large additions to his eſtate at Mount Vernon, which, in 1787, conſiſted of about nine thouſand acres, under his own cultivation. His income from his eſtates was reckoned, in 1776, to amount, at leaſt, to four thouſand pounds ſterling a year; and it was then ſuppoſed they would have ſold for more than one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds of the ſame money, equal to upwards of ſix hundred and ſixty-ſix thouſand dollars. There can be no doubt, that under his ſuperintendence and admirable management, his property has ſince much increaſed.

General Waſhington was not leſs diſtinguiſhed as a farmer, than as a warrior and a ſtateſman. He undertook every thing on a great ſcale, proportioned to his great and comprehenſive mind; and his exact and exemplary method in tranſacting all his buſineſs, enabled him to accompliſh more, and in a more perfect and advantageous manner, than perhaps any other man of the age. He has raiſed ſeven thouſand buſhels of wheat, and ten thouſand of Indian corn in one year, on his eſtate at Mount Vernon. In the ſucceeding year he raiſed two hundred lambs, ſowed twenty ſeven buſhels of flax-ſeed, and planted more than ſeven hundred buſhels of potatoes. At the ſame time he had manufactured under his eye, by his domeſtics, linen and woollen cloth ſufficient for his houſehold, which conſiſted of nearly a thouſand ſouls. His land, deſigned for cultivation, he had encloſed in lots of equal dimenſions, and crops aſſigned to each for many years. On Saturday in the afternoon, every week, he was accuſtomed to receive reports from all his overſeers, (and theſe reports, I have been informed, were received and attended to conſtantly, during the period of his command of our armies and his Preſidency of the United States), which reports were correctly regiſtered in books kept for the purpoſe; ſo that at the end of the year, he was able, accurately, to aſcertain the quantity of labour beſtowed on each of the ſeveral lots, and the amount of the produce. Order and

economy

economy were eſtabliſhed in all the departments within and without doors.

Agriculture was his favourite employment, and he purſued it in a manner worthy of himſelf, One great object which he ever kept in view, was to introduce or augment the culture of thoſe articles which he conceived would be the moſt beneficial in their conſequences to his country. Upon this principle, he early gave up planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming buſineſs. To acquire and communicate practical knowledge, he correſponded with the celebrated Mr. Arthur Young of England, and with many agricultural gentlemen of this country. As improvement was known to be his object, he was in the habit of receiving rare ſeeds, and reſults of new projects from every quarter. He likewiſe made copious notes, relative to his own experiments, the ſtate of the ſeaſons, the nature of ſoils, of which he was an excellent judge, and the effects of different kinds of manure, and ſuch other topics, as tended to the improvement of agriculture.

While he was thus uſefully occupied as a farmer, and giving to all around him, and to poſterity, a noble example of induſtry, economy, and good management, he was, at the ſame time, aſſiduous in ſerving the ſtate. From the time he left the army in 1759, until the year 1774, he was conſtantly a member of aſſembly; he was alſo a magiſtrate of the county in which he lived, and a judge of the court. He was elected a delegate to the firſt Congreſs in 1774, and to that which aſſembled the year following.

It was while he was a member of this aſſembly of the wiſeſt men in America, that he was, on the 15th of June, 1775, by their unanimous vote, appointed Commander in Chief of all the forces raiſed, or to be raiſed for the defence of the then colonies. He accepted his appointment; with what diffidence and diſintereſtedneſs, his reply to the Preſident of the Congreſs, when his appointment was announced to him, witneſſes. "It was a fortunate circumſtance, attending his election, that it was accompanied with no competition, and followed by no envy. That ſame general impulſe on the public mind, which led the coloniſts to agree in many other particulars, pointed to him as the moſt proper perſon for preſiding over the military arrangements of America. Not only the Congreſs, but the inhabitants in the eaſt and weſt, in the north and ſouth, as well before as at the time of employing a continental army, were in a great degree unanimous in his favour." "The very high eſtimation he ſtood in for integrity and honour, his engaging in the cauſe

of his country from ſentiment and a conviction of her wrongs, his moderation in politics, his extenſive property, and his approved abilities as a military commander, were motives which obliged the choice of America to fall upon him.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of Painting in its firſt State.

THE firſt artiſts were ſo unfortunate in their deſigns, that they had recourſe to inſcriptions under their paintings to convey ſome idea to the ſpectator of the thing they meant. They found nothing more difficult than animals; and their horſes were not to be diſtinguiſhed from their oxen and aſſes. A critical wit ſaid of a painter, who had written under his picture, "This is an aſs," that it was hard to decide which moſt reſembled one, the picture or the painter.

It is ſaid that the origin of painting with a colour was owing to one Cleophantes of Corinth, who having, in mere ſport, mixed brick-duſt in water, applied it to his deſign; and to this feeble commencement we perhaps are indebted for all the magic of fine colouring.

After this mononchromatic art, were gradually introduced a mixture of four colours; white, yellow, black, and red. With only theſe Zeuxis, Apelles, Polygnotus, and other Grecian artiſts, have immortaliſed themſelves.

The ancients firſt painted on wood, whitened with chalk, and from this circumſtance is derived the Latin word *tabula*, for picture; and the French *tableau*. The uſe of canvaſs is of recent diſcovery. Holbein painted on wood, and Raphael did not always employ canvaſs. Is not wood leſs periſhable than canvaſs? and is not the latter ſubject to many inconveniences from which the other is exempt, ſuch as ſhrinking, creaſing, &c. which in great pictures, ſuch as thoſe with which Mr. Barry's magnificent pencil has covered the walls of the ſociety's room in the Adelphi, are too often to be lamented.

Some of the moſt ancient paintings were done on walls. The prophet Iſaiah tells us, that the Chaldeans painted their apartments. The ancients did not uſe tapeſtry in their rooms; but, as they had a taſte for ornament, thoſe who could not afford to cover their walls with figures equally beautiful and coſtly, decorated them with painted compartments at a moderate price.

In

In the age of Alexander, the productions of great painters were not considered as furniture, merely designed to embellish the dwellings of the opulent; they were counted among the treasures of the state, and were exposed to public inspection, as the rightful enjoyments of the whole people.

Painting in profiles is said to have been occasioned by the following circumstance: Antigonus having lost an eye in war, the artist, desirous of concealing this defect in the portrait of his prince, painted only one side of the face; so that the deceived spectator imagined that it was merely the attitude of the prince which concealed one of his eyes, and not a real defect.

Artists, in placing their names at the bottom of their productions, did not hardily think that their work was finished, and, notwithstanding their efforts and industry, were still modest. We may observe this on Grecian statues, where we read, "Glyco of Athens made this work;" Praxitetes made this work," &c. And it is ingeniously conjectured, that always avoiding the preterite *fecit* (has made), they meant to insinuate that there was no work so accomplished in all its parts, as not to be capable of a higher perfection. Sometimes they concisely inscribed under their pictures or statues, "This is the work of such an artist," &c.

They not only carefully inscribed their names, but they likewise put in their pictures a kind of scroll or title which explained their subject. Polygnotus, long after the art was restored, and even in its first splendour, placed under every figure the name of the person it represented; so that the greater part of ancient paintings must have been loaded with inscriptions, producing a most disagreeable effect. It gave an occasion to the raillery of Petronius, in his Feast of Trimalcion, and I give an extract as not uncertaining.

In viewing Trimalcion's pictures in his vestibule," he says, "I saw a picture of a market-place, where slaves were orderly ranged for sale; every one of which (and the number was considerable) had a little roll hanging about his neck. Trimalcion was likewise there, holding a caduceus in his hand, and seated in a chariot conducted by Minerva. Farther, he looked as if he had been taught to calculate, and there was shewn as a treasurer of the empire. I understood all this, for the painter had luckily very accurately explained it by an inscription."

This inartificial and inept manner was received among some of our modern painters in Europe, and may still be

seen

ſeen in the rude ſpecimens of early art; nor have there been wanting ſome writers of our own times who have been ſo taſteleſs as to imagine that ſuch ſcrolls might greatly heighten the proper underſtanding the ideas of the painter, as if ſo ridiculous an expedient can poſſibly be ſuffered. This manner has, however, proved very convenient in caricatures; and the licentioufneſs of that ſatirical painting admits, with propriety, an inſtrument ſo groſs.

The firſt Grecian artiſts, not ignorant of the extent and the difficulties of painting, confined themſelves to one ſpecies of this art, which, of itſelf, embraces ſo many kinds; one painted only men, another only women, and a third devoted his ſtudies to a group of wreſtlers.

It is certain that the enthuſiaſm of the art was more prevalent among the Grecian artiſts than among the modern. The glory of acquiring a public reward at the Pythian games was firſt obtained by one Timagoras, who was ſo tranſported with the ſucceſs of his pencil, that he broke out into a fine delirium of poetry, and the poem was ſtill read at Rome a long time after the reign of Auguſtus.

The more excellent painters, and the more ſkilful ſculptors, feeling the ſublimity of their art, chiefly conſecrated their works to the gods, believing that men were not worthy of equal honours. When they repreſented the female divinities, they generally modelled them by the perſons of a beloved miſtreſs, or by ſome courteſan celebrated for her beauty. Juſtin Martyr rallied the Pagans for adoring the miſtreſſes of their artiſts, when they proſtrated themſelves to their goddeſſes.

The ſame thing occurred, in modern times, in the Catholic religion: the Virgin was painted to reſemble the miſtreſs of a Pope, and his holineſs was piouſly proſtrated at her feet. Le Brun, when he was deſired to paint a Magdalen for Louis XIV. copied the portrait of the Ducheſs de la Valiere, one of his miſtreſſes: but the union of love and religion has exiſted among all nations.

Obſervations on the Birds of the Torrid Zone, particularly the Taylor Bird.

HAD Providence left the feathered tribe unendowed with any particular inſtinct, the birds of the torrid zone would have built their neſts in the ſame unguarded manner as

thoſe of Europe; but there the leſſer ſpecies having a certain preſcience of the dangers that ſurround them, and of their own weakneſs, ſuſpend their neſt at the extreme branches of the trees: they are conſcious of inhabiting a climate replete with enemies to them and their young; with ſnakes that twine up the bodies of the trees, and apes that are perpetually in ſearch of prey; but, Heaven-inſtructed, they elude the gliding of the one and the activity of the other.

The brute creation in the torrid zone are more at enmity with one another than in other climates, and the birds are obliged to exert unuſual artifice in placing their little broods out of the reach of an invader. Each aims at the ſame end, though by different means. Some form their penſile neſt in ſhape of a purſe, deep and open at the top; others with an hole in the ſide, and others, ſtill more cautious, with an entrance from the very bottom, forming their lodge near the ſummit.

But the little ſpecies of the tailor bird ſeems to have greater diffidence than any of the others; it will not truſt its neſt even to the extremity of a ſlender twig, but makes one more advance to ſafety, by fixing it to the leaf itſelf. It picks up a dead leaf, and, ſurprizing to relate, ſews it to the ſide of a living one; its ſlender bill being the needle, and its thread ſome fine fibres, the lining feathers, goſſamer and down. Its eggs are white, the colour of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight only three ſixteenths of an ounce, ſo that the materials of the neſt, and its own ſize, are not likely to draw down a habitation that depends on ſo ſlight a tenure!

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of* THOMAS MILBOURN,

THE CUMBERLAND MISER.

LATELY died, at Carnbridge, in the pariſh of Cumwhitton, near Carliſle, between 70 and 80 years of age, Thomas Milbourn, a man whoſe ſingular diſpoſition and manner of life deſerves ſome notice. During the former part of his life he was a farmer's ſervant, in which honeſt and laborious vocation he contrived to ſave 200l. with this ſum he purchaſed a ſmall farm at Carnbridge (borrowing ſuch a ſum, as added to his own, made up the purchaſe money,) and thenceforward reſided upon his little eſtate. He never married,

ried, nor hired a ſervant into his houſe; but lived alone, and principally cultivated his land with his own hands.

Thomas's great object was to ſave money, and, to that end, he denied himſelf not only the conveniences, but what, by moſt people, are conſidered the neceſſaries of life: His food was of the moſt homely kind, and uſed ſparingly; the ſcanty contents of his wardrobe were hardly ſufficient to cover his ſhivering limbs, or to hide his nakedneſs, and, being covered with dirt and vermin, were conſigned to the flames immediately after his death; a razor had not been applied to his face for many years, nor a bruſh nor broom to his houſe. His bed, half filled with chaff and ſtraw, had a poor covering, and a fleece of wool ſupplied the place of a pillow. This, with the few remaining miſerable articles of houſehold furniture, when drawn from the wilderneſs of ſtreaming cobwebs which had been accumulating for the laſt 20 years, were ſold, at public ſale, for leſs than ten ſhillings.

By a continued obſervance of the moſt rigid parſimony, old Thomas ſoon cleared himſelf of his pecuniary incumbrances, and, in the end, had ſcraped together property in land, money, and cattle, to the amount of near 1000l. His love of money did not deſert him even on his death-bed; where, lying in a very languid ſtate, while his friends, by his deſire, were ſearching for ſome concealed treaſure, and drew forth a large bunch of promiſſory notes, he exerted his remaining ſtrength in a loud exclamation of "There, you ſee now!" But, although Thomas was the great banker of the neighbouring villages, he had no idea of uſury, and few of his neighbours, who deſerved any credit, aſked his aſſiſtance in pecuniary matters in vain; ſometimes even his too great confidence in the honeſty of others was impoſed on by the artful knaves.

REFLECTIONS.

AN author, who affects to be fine in every thing he ſays, and to write above his ſubject, is juſt as ridiculous a coxcomb as him who performs the moſt indifferent actions with a ſtudied grace. And this affectation is one principal cauſe of the awkward unnatural language, which prevails in moſt of our modern tragedies.

The wit of ſome, who have a large ſhare of it, is too much of one kind, and proves cloying for want of variety.

AN ANECDOTE.

SPEED, in enumerating the buildings erected by King Henry VII. adds, "Of his building alſo was Richmond Palace, and that beautiful place the chapel of Weſtminſter —the one the place of his death, the other of his burial: which forms of moſt curious and exquiſite building he and Biſhop Foxe firſt learned in France, and thence brought with them into England."

Anſwer, by G. England, of Uplyme, to W. Hoare's Rebus, inſerted February 3.

WHILE thoſe whoſe hearts in emptineſs confide,
Who ſcorn at genius, and at lore deride,
Lie unregarded in the moulder'd ſhrine,
Forgotten quite by friends and all mankind,
JOHNSON! thy honour'd, praiſe-deſerving name,
Shall be engrav'd on rolls of laſting fame;
Shall in its annals fill a ſhining page,
And there remain unto the lateſt age.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; W. Brock, of Evercreech; T. Whicker, P. Gove, W. Harris, Jun. and W. Hobbs, of Exeter; J. R. Toulmin; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; and Dubious, of Calverleigh.

Anſwer, by J. R. Toulmin, to W. Harris's Charade, inſerted February 3.

HASTEN, Oh Lord! that happy day of peace,
When *War* and anarchy ſhall be no more;
And when iniquity ſhall alſo ceaſe,
And righteouſneſs extend from ſhore to ſhore.

When darkneſs comes, and night draws nigh,
A *Wick* doth cheering light ſupply:
The borough that you have in view
Is WARWICK, Sir, and ſo adieu.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Thomas, W. Hobbs, and P. Gove, of Exeter; Dubious, of Calverleigh; G. England, of Uplyme; W. Brock, of Evercreech; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; George Coulman, of Broadhempſton;

ſton; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; and R. Andrews, and J. King, both of Kingſbridge.

A QUESTION, *by Cleon, of Penzance.*

GIVEN $\frac{1-x}{x^2} \times \frac{x^2}{1-x^2} = a$ maximum, whereby to find x.

A REBUS, *by N. Knott, of Taunton.*

AN inſect firſt, ye bards, you'll find;
A metal next pray bring to mind;
A tool that's often us'd with care;
A bird of prey that ſoars in air:
Th' initials join'd will right expreſs
What all men dread, and yet careſs.

An ENIGMA, *by Recluſe, of Yeovil.*

CEAS'D had th' boiling waves, th' winds to roar,
When Celia left her cot with heart-felt pain;
Th' gentle zephyrs fann'd the weſtern ſhore,
And Luna ſpread around her ſilver train.

No voice was heard ſave Philomela's lay,
Whoſe breaſt was late the reſidence of joy;
With plaintive note now from th' hawthorn ſpray
Upbraids th' fates that did her love deſtroy.

Diſtinct and loud the pebbly beach along,
As rous'd by magic ſounds aſſail her ears;
And ſtrange to tell, amid th' motley throng
A viſion in a ſnow-white ſheet appears.

"Guard my Leander, Heav'n!" exclaim'd the maid;
The viſion now approach'd her lovely form;
True love and innocence are ne'er afraid,
And ſtill protect their votaries from harm.

The viſion fled! diſpell'd were her alarms,
Whoſe poliſh'd form a Venus's outvies;
Œdipean youths! reveal this magic charm,
And guide Leander to his lovely prize.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

VERSES *on the* SPRING.

By P. GOVE, *of Exeter.*

NOW ſpring appears with blooming mien,
And ſheds its bleſſings o'er our iſle;
It cloaths with verdure hill and plain,
And makes the face of want to ſmile.

Lo! now the tuneful tribes unite,
And chearfully their mattins ſing;
Soon as the morn diſcloſes light
The groves and vales with muſic ring.

How pleaſing now each rural ſcene!
Each heart with extacy it fills;
The morn is calm, the air ſerene,
In ſofteſt murmurs glide the rills.

Now friſking round the lambkins lead
Their am'rous dams to ſport and play;
While children in the daiſy'd mead
Do innocently paſs the day.

Behold! the groves and fragrant bowers,
Their lovely verdure 'gain renew;
Bedeck'd with gaudy ſhrubs and flow'rs,
Shine forth reſplendent to the view.

Mild zephyrs now o'er hill and plain
Their ſoftening influence ſpread around;
While vernal ſhow'rs of gentle rain
Refreſh the fertile, teeming ground.

Lo! in the rivers and the brooks
How ſportively the fiſhes glide;
While the ſlim angler baits his hooks
Fait by the limpid water's ſide.

The fruit trees now in white are clad,
Moſt lovely do their beauties bloom;
All nature ſmiles! creation's glad—
For winter's fled with all its gloom.

ODE

ODE *on the* DEATH *of* PILATRE DE ROSSIER, *the celebrated Aeronaut.*

SONS of genius! droop and languiſh,
Heave the ſigh and hang the head;
Science claims the heart-felt anguiſh;
Science weeps for Roſſier dead.

'Twas Ambition's bold aſpiring
Robb'd her of her firm ally:
'Twas the pride of greatly daring
Threw her fav'rite from the ſky.

See him mount on airy pinion,
See aloft the floating car,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air!

'Twas in evil hour he ventur'd;
Vain were all the arts he try'd;
Vulcan ſaw his realms invaded;
Jove his thunder ſaw defy'd.

Soon, to ſave their injur'd honour,
And to wreak their vengeful ire,
Jove launch'd the flaming bolts of Vulcan;
Soon the veſſel caught the fire.

Like Icarus, too boldly ſoaring,
He fell,—he periſh'd on the ſtrand;
One on the ſea a flame beſtowing,
The other fame upon the land.

ADDRESS *to* CONTENT.

NYMPH of the cottage, lov'd contentment hail!
In the calm boſom of ſome tranquil vale,
Primroſe of life, ſequeſter'd art thou found,
Or in the ſolitary moſs-clad cell,
Where ſome religious hermit loves to dwell,
'Mid high-grown woods ſecurely fenc'd around.

Or far retir'd from faſhion's ſplendid ſtate,
Where health ſits ſmiling at the ſhepherd's gate;
Daughter of bliſs, thou handmaid pure of love!
Where unallay'd by paſſion's tumults vile,
Simplicity, a nymph unknown to guile,
Comes a fair gueſt, thy unbought ſweets to prove.

What tho' from grandeur's ſun-gilt dome thou'rt driven,
Still innocence, the white-rob'd ſprite of Heaven,
Cloſe in thy boſom holds her ſpotleſs throne;
Whilſt peace, thy parent, lov'd content, and guide,
Join'd by each virtue's ſainted form beſide,
Round thy fair temples wreathes her olive crown.